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Sarah J. Cummins
Aged 86 Years, Now Living at Weston, Oregon

NOTE—While this booklet is compiled from notes and reminiscences that tend to give it the tenor of a family memoir, nevertheless it will be of interest to all who are and have been connected with the early history of the Northwestern States. To defray expenses of printing and provide comforts for her declining years the public will be supplied copies at 50 cents each. Address orders to Mrs. Cummins at Weston, Oregon.—PUBLISHERS.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AND

REMINISCENCES

OF

SARAH J. CUMMINS

TOUCHET, WASH.

LA GRANDE PRINTING CO.,
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AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCE.

Written for my dear children and grandchildren, and as many of my dear friends as may wish to read the story of the life and labors of one who braved the hardships and endured the suffering incident to the life of one who assists in making a home in a new and practically unexplored region such as the Willamette valley was in the year of eighteen hundred and forty-five.

SARAH J. CUMMINS.

PATRIOTIC SENTIMENTS, JULY 4th, 1908.

Being disappointed today in not going out with others to celebrate on this the one hundred and thirty-third anniversary of that great and notable day of victory won which brought freedom to our fathers, their wives and their children forever, I wish you to pause with me for just one moment and reflect on their great struggle, yes, think with deep and reverential awe on the trying scenes through which they passed while pursuing and achieving their precious boon of liberty.

Then life your voices and shout the shout of victory and freedom; may we fail not to honor those brave soldiers, notable patriots and wise statesmen who made such blessings possible for us, and may we not fail in our duty of teaching our children to appreciate their present happy lot of living in a free land.

I am now nearing the close of my earthly existence and as the shades of life's evening appear on the distant horizon, I glance over my past life and review the blessings and experiences and potent blessings which have ever encompassed my pathway, fully realizing that through it all there ever abides this one great source of thankfulness—that I have in each instance and under all circumstances so lived as to honor those noble founders of our great institution and by so teaching my sons and daughters to live that they honor not only my name and their own lives but also their sacred lives as law abiding citizens, and whatever may be their views of the questions of the day, or in whatever capacity they may be called upon to act may they never neglect their privilege of honoring the noble founders of our nation—our noble republic.

May we all sing with a realizing sense of its beauty and grandeur of the theme, the words and sentiment contained in our national anthem, "Sweet Land of Liberty." It has always been a source of great pleasure to me to hear the children of our land sing of the "land where our fathers died; land of the pilgrim's pride."

REMINISCENT THOUGHT.

Sitting alone and glancing over my past life, long and eventful as it has been, I recall many of its scenes of pioneer adventure that were marvelous manifestations of the power and goodness of God in protecting us in our travels through wild regions, inhabited by savages and the haunt of wild beasts.

Yet we were kept and marvelously blest as we made our way over these wild deserts or through the untamed wilderness—yes, kept by the mercy of God as the "apple of his eye."

I have decided to write out some important points as they occur to my mind or are copied from my diary, as written in years long since gone by, that my children may have printed in book form if they choose to do so. I trust, however, that it will be for no motive greater than to preserve and keep alive the ever present truth of honest ancestry, honorable parentage, a true patriotic sentiment, and simple Christian faith as a rightful heritage in the hearts of all those near and dear.

Should any word of mine so inspire the hearts of any casual reader of these lines as to create a desire for knowledge in regard to better things in matters either temporal or spiritual, then shall I have labored not in vain.

To all who read this book I say may some gentle chord be touched, some noble inspiration given, or by its tone may some deed of noble kindness be done. Or should these homely lines prove ample to beguile an idle hour or turn your hearts to seek for better things, then will I have been well repaid for the time and effort extended to this simple narrative.

To each and to all of you I wish a hearty "God-speed" in the undertakings of your lives, and as we bid "hale and farewell," let us extend to each other encouraging words or the helping hand that lifts the weary soul above the care and turmoil of life's weary round and brings the soul into the sunshine of nobler living. Let us extend the helping hand to a faltering one whose feet have forsaken the way of integrity, exerting that integrity and strength of will power and integrity of purpose

that aids the weak, uplifts the fallen and cheers that life whose way is through darker shades or on lines of lower level.

It has ever been my delight to seek the needy, to visit the sick or afflicted. My little work in this world of that kind which the world calls charity has ever been in the way of helping the widows, the fatherless, or to those surrounding circumstances appealing to the humane hearted.

While performing these acts I have enjoyed the loving approbation of my dear Savior in a way that is not possible in any but true humility of heart; indeed I have found opportunity for the exercise of every available physical energy, and the distribution of all surplus money or goods that I possessed without going out of the environs of my own home, and never did such surplus exist in my possession but some heart could be found grateful and gladly accepting such favors, thus proving beyond controversy that where ever the desire to perform charitable deeds exists the opportunity is not wanting.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I was born on the sixteenth day of September, 1828, in the town of Sangamon, Sangamon county, Illinois.

My great grandparents were all natives of England and came to America early in the seventeenth century; all the four families came at about the same time although it was many years later that the first acquaintance began between the two families who were among the first settlers in a region of territory in the middle West. About two years later my father and mother were married at Oxford, Ohio.

I will now trace the lineage of these Americanized families. Great grandfather, Lemuel Lemmon, was born in England and with his wife came to America to make their home in the young colony of Maryland, being among the first to settle in that colony. Great grandfather was a preacher of the Baptist church and respected by all who knew him as a quiet and industrious citizen.

His eldest son, Lemuel Lemmon, who was born in England, married a Miss Sarah Burke of that colony, and several years later they moved to the territory of Kentucky where on June 8th, 1800, John was born.

In the year 1812 the unsettled condition of the country caused them, with many others to seek new homes in the territory of Ohio, where they settled on a fine tract of land near the town of Oxford, and a pleasant home was soon established. The older sons, Elisha, Elijah and Eulic, settled on lands of their own. My father, the youngest son, remained in the home after great grandfather's death and assumed the care of his mother, a maiden sister, Miss Mary Lemmon, known to us as Aunt Polly; later an orphaned neice, Sarah Baker, became a member of the family. Aunt Polly was an ideal old maid of former generations, and her prided virtues and womanly ways might well be emulated in this day and age of the world. She was known and loved by a large circle of friends and relatives.

My maternal grandparents, the Bournes and the Crockers, came to America during the War of the Roses in England and

settled in Massachusetts. Great grandfather was born in what is now a part of Maine. His parents gave each of their children the advantage of a good education, and their son, Benjamin, my grandfather, taught school for many years in Barnstable county, where he was married to Miss Elizabeth Bourn in the year of 1807. In June of 1808, my mother, Jane Bourn Crocker, was born.

The War of 1812 came on, and as there were several sons in the families of my great uncles, and as the conditions were so unsettled that in consideration of the then aged great grandmother Bourne, it was decided to remove to the then far West. The new home was selected near the town of Fairfield, Indiana, and as that town is just across the line from Oxford, Ohio, the two families were now in the vicinity of each other, although it was some time later that my father and mother met for the first time.

In the year 1826 my father and mother were married in the home of my grandfather, Benjamin Crocker. Soon after that even they moved to the Territory of Illinois and settled on a rented farm near Sangamon town on the banks of the Illinois river. Here they cultivated a large tract of land and had planted a 40 acre field of corn which bid fair to yield a handome return but a sudden rise of the river washed the entire growing crop away and my father then moved into Sangamon town where he took charge of the large woolen mill of that town and traded his live stock and farm implements for a house and lot near the place of work. It was in this home that I was born. Father's wages were about thirty-seven and one-half cents a day, yet by economy and good management he soon had the means to preempt a good piece of land on the river and when I was about three years of age we moved to the new home where father began farming extensively by renting a large field near our own land.

I can give no exact date as to when my education in the way of book knowledge began for I was able to read anything in my Sabbath School lessons when four years of age, and it was my daily task to read and recite lessons in reading and spelling to my mother. Mother was a well educated woman of her time and a student of history and good literature. Our library consisted of two large Bibles, a dictionary, several histories, a set of school books, and my chest of Sunday School literature that had been sent to me from relatives in Massachusetts. Among these books were the writings of John and Charles Wesley, the Life of John

Newton, Milton's poems, and many tracts and other religious writings that I do not think of general interest. Mother divided my time as exact as the periods of work in a school and it was one hour for play and an hour for study regular as the moving of the hands on the face of our old wall sweep clock. I was fond of chasing at father's heels as he plowed or went hoeing through the long rows of corn and well do I recall the mad racing over the fields to get every possible minute of my play time in the fields, but the sound of the "Dinner Horn" was my signal and if I ran merrily out to play I came as promptly back in loving obedience to mother's call to lessons. Thus the happy years went on until I assured them that I could make a "hand" at dropping corn and by that means I got the much coveted outdoor life and the release from study that had so often been the subject of my thoughts. I must say that I was fond of study and even in those early years committed to memory gems of literature that have been the source of much comfort to me even down to these later days of life, and no stronger characters are to be found in all the world's history than were those whose lives I traced through the study of Scriptural subjects. My Kings were real and my Queens ruled with judgment tempered with justice. Such were the ideals of my early education and I have never seen true greatness manifested in any other way. All the world's worship cannot make a truly great man where there is not the proper quality of heart to build upon. Such is my judgment of such characters as King David of Israel, King Edward of England, our George Washington, our Abraham Lincoln, and in fact, every one whose life work is tempered with justice and whose feelings were merciful to their fellow creatures.

But, to return to my story. In this home two sons were born to my parents, Benjamin and Amos. The death of these infant brothers left me as an only child until I was almost nine years of age. The loneliness that fell to us accounts in a measure for the special care that was bestowed upon my early education.

On July fourth my only living brother was born in the year 1837. This brother was endeared to me by the care of his welfare that fell to me in his early life and by our association in times of peril and great suffering that was so early in life to befall us. The following chapters will give some account of these events.

I will now give some description of the region where I first

became acquainted with the beauties of nature and viewed the wondrous work of the Creator in placing so beautiful and so wonderful a world as the temporal abode of His children. This part of the state of Illinois is of especial interest to the student of nature who delights in its gorgeous tints and its strangest moods.

The Illinois River was the boundary on one side of our home and the hills or bluffs, as the people there called them, bounded the other side, standing back from the river a distance of from two and one-half to fifteen miles. The base of these hills was thick-set with a dense natural growth of Beanwood or "Red-bud," as we children called them, also Sassafras bushes, Black Walnut, Sugar Maple and an occasional copse of Sumac or Witch-hazel.

The tops of the bald hills in the background rising in sugar-loaf form gave them a picturesque appearance upon which one could gaze without tiring. And especially was this true in the Spring of the year when budding and blooming shrubbery nestled at the base of every knoll giving a variety of shades of color in that harmony and blending that can be produced only by nature in her beautiful and wonderful perfection and which can never be reproduced but only partially imitated by even the most gifted of artists.

Looking toward the river you may see it curving and bending like some giant of creeping monsters until it apparently glides into the dim and distant haze, its course being outlined by the thickly set growth of large timber that skirted its banks. This timber consisted of Hickory, Black Walnut, Pecan, Persimmon trees and groves of Sugar Maple. This timber grew in alluvial soil or sub-irrigated river filth and each specimen was a wonder in itself on account of the enormous size and beauty of perfection.

The prairie land lay between these timbered banks and the foot hills. The intervening space of alluvial prairie soil was thick-set with a tall wild grass which very much resembled one vast meadow of Timothy grass.

The wild deer were as numerous in those days as are the cattle of a thousand hills of today. Wild birds were also numerous. Quails or Bob-Whites were hunted for the markets and a regular trade in dressed birds was carried on with the markets down the river. The killing of birds and wild deer was the only source of income to many of the settlers, but my father never resorted to that means of income and preferred to attend the regular lines of farm work, and results proved that his decision

was a wise one for we soon had a pleasant home and an abundant living. Father was a noted rifleman and when he went out for game we knew that some handsome quarry would grace his effort.

Steamboats came occasionally to Beardstown but they did not make regular trips in those days and most of the traffic was carried in smaller boats managed by oarsmen.

The work of civilization and improvement went steadily on and at a rapid rate. Neat homes were in evidence on every side, fields of growing corn, domestic animals, and all the mechanical accessories of refined life were being brought in.

During these stages of the world's work I was advancing from the stages of juvenile life to that of girlhood. The reflective mind recalls that period of my life as largely devoted to the climbing of Red-bud bushes and Sassafras trees in quest of their bloom laden boughs. The change from Spring to Autumn, the snows of winter and the chilling winds of early Spring seem to make but slightly varied impressions on my mind, as life through those years seemed to me to be one perpetual round of light-heartedness and the tablets of memory has recorded only one unvaried season of pleasureable delights.

If the winds blew I heeded them not. In memory I seem to have been ever hugging profusions of flowers, admiring their beauty of coloring, delighting in their gorgeous hues, or bearing them tenderly in my arms to the home where it was my delight to adorn the living rooms for the admiration of my parents and they wisely enough encouraged this sort of innocent pastime, thereby cultivating in me a taste for the beautiful and fostering the tender emotions which those innocent pastimes awoke.

Later in the Summer I made short excursions to the near-by hill tops in quest of delicious fruits, Strawberries, Blackberries, Wild Grapes and Plums, which were abundant and in convenient distances from our home. These were made into various forms for table use and were the luxuries of those times.

Cultivated fruits were scarce as the orchards of the earlier settlers were just beginning to bear fruit, although the richness of the soil and the favorable seasons made that locality noted in later years for the production of nearly all the choicest varieties of fruits and vegetables.

I will mention the mosquitos, for they sometimes made life a burden with their constant annoyance. The tweet, tweet of the frogs, the croaking of the great bull-frogs, each roaring out his note as though as hollow as a bass drum.

My parents were painstaking and frugal with their work and our home was soon the pride of the neighborhood, and we enjoyed a good degree of prosperity. I must not fail to mention that I was kept regularly at my lessons and I now sometimes took the task of writing letters to the relatives whom I had never seen.

Mother was a great student and read a great deal with me. This was a great stimulus to me, for I could do much better work when she too was occupied with reading and she read ancient and modern history with avidity. I studied my lessons as a matter of duty to myself and my parents. The hours of play and roaming about the nearby wilds were for recreation and the love of nature made each moment dear to me. My highest ambition was to grow into a studious girl and return to the old home of my mother's people in Massachusetts to complete my education, then to become a missionary and write books for other little girls to read. But my star of destiny was to arise in the far West and here, near where the waves kiss our Western shores, my little span of life will end.

CHAPTER II.

WE MOVE TO OHIO.

These happy days of study-work and childish pleasure were to end soon and in a very unexpected manner. Letters from Ohio informed us that grandmother Lemmon, and her daughter, Miss Mary Lemmon, were in failing health. Father being the youngest of her three sons was the one preferred by her to manage the home place for her.

Our home was soon leased to a neighbor, Mr. Peter Price, and within a few weeks we stepped aboard the magnificent steamboat that was to carry us from Beardstown to our destination at Cincinnati. A thrill of delight ran through my mind as I viewed the great dimensions and completeness of construction that evolved a structure so complete in every way and so adapted to every need as we journeyed on. These contemplations occupied my mind for many succeeding days and seemed to awaken a great sense of the wonders and possibilities of the human mind when directed in the way of constructive imagination.

Upon our arrival in Cincinnati we were met by some of mother's people by the name of Chase, and after a short visit with them we went to our father's older brother, Uncle Eulic Lemmon, who was to convey us to our destination at Oxford, Ohio. Uncle's strong team of fiery horses and the great wagon well loaded with every thing necessary for our comfort while on the journey to Oxford, was brought out, and we were soon on our way.

The relatives still remained on the old home place where they had settled in the year 1812, and we were to see the progress which time and thrift marks upon a naturally beautiful and desirable landscape. We moved into a good house that had been built on part of grandmother's farm. We were now surrounded by a large number of relatives and they all joined as one in rejoicing over our return. To me the surroundings were as a new world. My lesson hours were interrupted and the talk of school was a new life to me.

I was now turned into my tenth year and on the first day of school with my books and slate I appeared before Mr. White's

desk. After a brief examination of my work I was placed in classes with many children of about my own age, among them were some related to me by birth. On pleasant days during the Fall and early Winter I walked from our home in Indiana to the school house which stood across the state line in Ohio, but when the weather became severe I made my home with great grandmother Bourne, her home being in Ohio and only a short distance from the school house.

Thanks to dear mother's training I found myself far in advance of most pupils of my age and class. I had the habit which I still follow of looking up the meaning of all new words that occurred in either the text book or any book that I read for instruction or entertainment. In arithmetic and all fundamental work mother had given me such careful drills and had by her own well formed habits of study inspired me to do the best possible work. My teacher, Mr. White, was a very consistent and competent person for the place and my progress through the year was more than usual. One embarrassing thing often occurred. Mr. White would refer to my work as an example of what a pupil could accomplish by dint of effort. On those occasions I would recall mother's patient care and the drills she gave on the more difficult tasks and I would then feel indebted to her for the kind care and instruction she had given me.

The evenings I spent at Grandmother Bourne's are indelibly imprinted on my memory by the peculiar characteristics of each individual member of the family and the marked characteristics of the surroundings. The household consisted of Great Grandmother, Aunt Lucy Bourne, Uncle Richard, and Joseph White, the bound boy. Aunt Lucy was a widow and had lived seven years on the island of Nantucket. Her husband died there at their own home, then as soon as suitable arrangements could be made she returned to her mother and ever afterward took the care of her mother's house. Uncle was a very thorough worker and every thing on that farm had the look of being there for all time to come. The boy, Joseph, went with uncle and worked as a member of the family and was treated as a younger brother.

On my return from school the first thing to be thought of was the preparation of the next day's lesson. For this I usually sat by the fireside seated in grandmother's rocking chair; then as the outdoor work was completed Uncle and Joseph would come into the house and while Uncle would read Joseph would sit opposite and make hideous faces at the pet dog. The dog

was past twenty years of age and had come with the family from Massachusetts. He was so well trained that at no time could he be coaxed into the house without having first carefully wiped his feet on the door mat and made manners. This was done by a series of nods and respectful yelps. As Joseph sat making faces the dog resented by growls and after each of these Great Grandmother would leave her work in the kitchen, come to the sitting room and say in the most earnest way, "Joseph, what be ye doing?" And Joseph would as regularly answer, "Nothin." This dialogue would be repeated many times each evening until I came to think of it as part of the necessary family routine.

Grandmother was past ninety years of age but was always careful to oversee all the work and it was the delight of her children to humor her every suggestion. After we all had retired for the night she went the round of the house and would inquire of each, "Be ye comfortable," and when each had answered she would return to the fireside and work or read until a very late hour of the night.

This commodious house had been built soon after their arrival in that town and was thoroughly furnished and as comfortable as a home could be. Neatness and cleanliness was sure its characteristic. I think Uncle Richard must have been a model farmer. The orchard, flower gardens and every thing was laid out in such perfect order. Their stock was of the best, and all the buildings were furnished with every necessary thing for use or comfort and ornament.

The children took pride in extending watchful care over grandmother. She arose as usual one morning in the late Spring and went about her accustomed duties. Seeing her falter they hastened to her side, but the spirit had left its tenement of clay. This occurred in the year 1840. Grandmother was in her ninety-seventh year of age.

These happy school days continued through two years. Occasionally I met with my great uncles and their families, Nathan, Marshal, Lumidu and Richard. It was with feelings of regret that I bade adieu to my kind teacher, Mr. White, and the school mates at Oxford, Ohio. Taking a fond farewell of those scenes that had offered me so much pleasure and stored them as treasures of memory. New scenes and varied experiences awaited my childish footsteps.

CHAPTER III.

THE RETURN TO ILLINOIS.

During these two years father's mother had steadily declined in health and the physicians now advised a change of scene for her health. She decided to go to Illinois with father and see his new home. Her farm was leased and all preparations made for the journey as we were to start as soon as school closed. Two responsible men were sent on with two wagons loaded with goods for their needs. We took a final farewell of Great Grandmother and all the relatives. I attended school regularly to the last and with regret parted from my kind teacher and schoolmates, many of whom were related to my father or my mother.

On a beautiful morning in June we started for home. The road was fine as pavement for most of the way and we were feasted on the beauties of nature from morn till night. Stopping in pleasant farm homes each night we were comfortable and the journey was very much like a visit among acquaintances. Grandmother and Aunt were delighted and improved very much in health so our anxieties were for the time relieved. Along the way we saw many species of wild birds and not a few deer and other wild game. All this was a new experience to me and little did I think that the most important and exciting events of my life were to be experienced in a land where scenes were new and regions wild, but so are our lives meted out to us. "New every morning is the love our waking and uprising prove," and daily we are led through paths "we had not trod," but our home was not far distant and one beautiful day we drove to our own door.

Farmer Price had proved himself worthy of our trust and we were soon settled in our own home. Grandmother and Aunt were as pleased as could be and expressed a desire to remain with us for their remaining days.

A Miss Slade from New York applied for the school and cousin Sarah Baker and myself were soon in school. There were now over twenty pupils in the district and Miss Slade proved herself a very competent teacher. This was a hewn-log

school house with long seats or pews across the room and a wide shelf around the room on three sides for a writing desk. A large fireplace in the far end of the room kept us comfortable when the days began to grow cool. Among the schoolmates were the eight older children of neighbor Price. Their names were David, John, Michael, Jonas, James, Henry, Phoebe, Deborah. Sarah and Nancy were too young for school. These children were carefully instructed at home in regard to all the higher ideals of honesty and truth. Such home instruction always results well to the parents, and for the future of the child instructed. Many were the happy days we spent in that primitive looking school house. Miss Slade would have nothing except the best effort of each and a healthy spirit of rivalry kept each one working our best efforts. There were no favorites and each was esteemed for his or her own merits. The school was governed by the teacher very much as schools are conducted at this time, but the parents were very particular in regard to the conduct of their children and several impomptu "school meetings" were held to assist the teacher in securing prompt obedience without which no school can prosper. These kindly aids were well received by the teacher and all was harmonious. I have heard in later years many accounts of the doings of the "old time" school masters, but I am thankful to say that I do not see so great a difference in any respect, except in the matter of branches of study. We were required to look up the meaning of many words in each assignment and much care was bestowed on the spelling of words and we were required to use those words in original sentences.

Dear father would often come with his old bob-sled to take us home. He was sure to drive up just as the school was about to close and as we filed out of the room he would call out, "All get in before the sled gets cold," and such a scramble there would be. Children clambering to get in lest the team should start. Just as though dear father could have been hired to leave one behind. A halt was made at each home as we passed along, and ours being the last one on the line, most of the school had been dropped ere we reached home. When we were landed at home we were sure to have a good fire to greet us, and sitting down to visit with the dear grandmother and aunt was a joy that not every child can have, and I feel there are some that would not appreciate it so much as we else there would not be

so many lone women out away from their own kith and kin trying to make their way in the world while there are so many people of wealth who would never miss the amount it would take to make these lone ones comfortable. To be sure our grandmother and aunt had abundant means but that was not considered. It would have been just the same with them if not anything was theirs.

The comforts of this prairie home were simple, as the world now reckons comfort but we enjoyed the great fireplace where father built the great fires of hardwood that burned with a steady glow for hours together, and where the burnished brass "and irons" gleamed in the brightness of the glow. In the great "ell" kitchen we partook of the best of suppers—domestic meats, venison, vegetables and fruits were now abundant. For the long winter evenings we had many kinds of nuts stored away, which, with baked sweet potatoes and other old time luxuries, we made many a temperate repast after the work and study of the evening were done.

The school year closed and once more vacation was on.

Dear Grandmother passed to the Great Beyond and once more we were to experience great changes in our home circle. Dear Aunt desired to remain with us. All was done that was possible to make her comfortable and happy but the loss of her mother bore heavily on her delicate health and she soon faded away as a flower that blooms for but a short season. Grandmother had taken care of a grand-daughter, an entire orphan, and to be sure she had been with us all these years, but soon as those who had exercised parental care were taken from her she grieved for the old home in Ohio and father took her home, and, after the property was settled in accordance with grandmother's will, he returned home.

But such great griefs usually work great changes of feeling and the home seemed quite different. We soon moved to Beardstown where I was placed in a school and kept by a lady governess who came from the far East to instruct Mr. Beard's family and such other children as they might choose to admit into the school. I was now twelve years of age and the winters work was very different from any former school life. We were drilled in regard to the usages of good society. Each girl was required to practice many times each day on certain set phrases suited to the occasion of entertaining company, and one especial duty was to assume the proper facial contortions as though one had just completed the word "persimmons." I studied with

more than usual diligence for I dreaded the thought of ignorance, but no amount of effort could atone for the lack of my former good teachers, but I somehow had the sort of natural idea that people are reckoned in this life mostly for their integrity, industry, and unselfish honesty, than for any amount of formalities they may practice. I remember, however, that my parents often told me of a man who went many miles to procure a coat for a certain occasion, saying that a person fitted to hold a position of honor would make himself presentable for the occasion and the occupation.

On Friday evenings I returned home and always found the house still, and dear mother lonely. How I dreaded to go away on Monday morning, but the year was drawing to a close and other changes awaited us. I came in one evening to see a look on dear mother's face that I had never seen before. I walked away after the usual greeting and sat silent. After a time her voice strengthened and she said, "What do you think father has done."

I answered, "I do not know."

"He has sold the farm and soon as school closes we are to move to Missouri."

What a shock those words gave me, but like most active children the curious and the adventurous spirit soon predominated, and, from that time on, the days in school were all too long.

Our plans were soon completed and we soon were on the way. My adieus were spoken formally but with less feeling than I am able to express here, although I was much attached to a dear schoolmate, Miss Caroline Beard, and all my associations in that school were commendable. But it was while there that I learned that children were not all so carefully trained in regard to speaking the truth as I had been, and somehow it brought dear mother so often to mind as I observed their habits of insincerity. I think that much of the conduct of early life is the result of the training which a child receives. I do not think the pupils were so very different from others with whom I had been associated, but I was now awakening to habits of observing things as never before

Among our neighbors here were Mr. and Mrs. Llinos Brooks and family, Samuel, Henry, Seldon and Maria. These people came from Massachusetts and were acquainted with mother's relatives there. Many years later they were our neighbors in Marion county, Oregon, and the name is familiar in the history of Oregon.

CHAPTER IV.

WE MOVE TO MISSOURI.

During the early spring father went into Missouri and located a land claim on what is now the site of St. Joseph, Mo. He returned about the time our school year closed and soon we were on our way West. How different it all was from our former journeys. The hired men and teams kept in advance of us and in less than a months time we were settled in the new home at St. Joseph. A Franklin stove that we had brought from Ohio supplied all the heat for our home and was also used for cooking the meals.

Our house stood on high ground at the head of the main street. There was one brick building in the town. It contained four large rooms. One was used for school, Mr. J. B. Richardson being the teacher. Mr. Farley kept a jewelry and silversmith's store in the corner room and the two families occupied the upper rooms and the two remaining down stairs. On our arrival in June there was only one dry goods store, owned by Mr. Joseph Rubidoux, but as soon as father could get a brick kiln burned two others were built. One was owned by a Mr. Richardson and one by a Mr. E. Perry

School opened in October. I attended the first school, the first church and the first Sunday school, also the first temperance lecture ever given in that town, and for two consecutive years did not miss a day of school, Sunday school, nor a sermon. Mr. Helm was the minister part of the time but many other preachers and ministers came also.

Squire Price also came out to preempt land. At that time marauding bands of Sioux Indians would cross the river on the ice and alarm timid people. A camp of these were not far out of town and a woman of the tribe came to our door before daybreak with a two bushel sack full of bowie knives, tomahawks and spear heads, all very dangerous weapons in the hands of a drunken Indian. She asked us to keep them until she called again. The next evening she took them after dusk to a clump of trees near by. Early on the morning following her husband came to demand them and said his wife was some-

where in the house. We were frightened as father could not talk to him in the jargon. Just as he was getting boisterous Squire Price came in and said in plain English, "Go or I'll break this chair over your head." The Indian said, "How many pieces you break?" At that Mr. Price lifted him by the collar of his shirt and his breech clout and flung him clear over the yard gate. He arose none the worse hurt and went to the camp. Here he told the other Indians that a powerful man was in that house.

The Indians soon packed up and were ready to go, but two spry young squaws caught a fine young hog by the hind legs and skated across the river dragging the animal along. And no farmer had the courage to go over and demand the porker as the defiant yells of the crowd of Indians on the opposite bank intimidated them and the audacity was something to admire.

I must mention the fact that we had not been settled in St. Joseph more than a few weeks when one Sunday evening as I sat reading a buggy containing three men halted and asked for work on the brick yard. Father hired them. One was a school teacher who had just closed a school near Chilicothee and had taught two years in Indiana. His name was Benjamin Walden.

When Mr. Richardson's school opened in that first year Mr. Walden took up his studies in the school and attended the two winters with myself. The studies were mathematics, language or grammar, history, civics, geography, defining or dictionary, spelling, reading and writing.

In February, 1845, father, brother Lemuel and myself were attacked with lung fever. A messenger was sent 30 miles to summon Dr. Vellmon, an old German or Hollander, but a scholarly physician. Dr. Vellmon would send no medicine but called to "Kitty Ann" to make coffee in haste while he prepared for the long ride, saying, "I shall see Mr. Lemmon's before another day dawns." And sure enough he was with us before daylight, and brought the three of us through the serious attack of illness. But before he left the house he said, "Don't you stay here another winter Lemmons; you can't brave it. Your lungs and the boys and the girls are not for such weather as this. Go to Oregon where are Pine and Fir trees and grouse. Mind ye, if you stay here I'll not be able to pull you through."

Then we sold the little home to Mr. Padee, from New York state, and while we made the necessary preparations for our journey to Oregon Mr. Padee went on with the work on the brick yard.

I was sixteen years and six months old, then by a Methodist minister, Elder Helm, I was by the lawful ties of matrimony united to Benjamin Walden, the sixteenth day of April in the year 1845. The fourth day of the same year my father, John Lemmon and family, my husband and self, left our home bound for the far West.

CHAPTER V.

LEAVING ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.

We were ferried across the Missouri river at St. Joseph, Missouri, and for the first time in the lives of many of us the tents became the only protection for the night and the cover over the wagon the only for the day. We remained in camp here one whole day and night. The necessity for this was evident when I tell you that not a house stood on the West bank of the river, and within a few miles travel, we would be in the wild unsettled territory subject to the attacks of marauding bands of savages.

Several parties from the camp recrossed the river to get some needed supplies, and then for the first time we realized the strength of unity. Every known want was supplied before starting on our long and hazardous journey that now lay before our venturesome and adventurous feet. Other parties from other sections of the country had arranged to make the journey in our company or "train" as it was now called, and these parties now began to fall in with us, some of them coming over the river before nightfall.

Roving bands of Sioux Indians came often to St. Joseph to buy "firewater" and were a menace to any one who might land alone on that side of the river, hence we had taken every precaution to arrange a large company. While in this camp a Captain of Company was chosen and every gun was examined and put in perfect condition. Every man was required to register his name and that of every member of his household, then the charges of ammunition were counted and all carefully stored against the time of need.

In selecting our captain great care was taken to select a man who had been in mountainous countries and had clear ideas of the possible dangers that we were to encounter. Wagon loads of people and goods had left the Missouri river the year previous to cross the same plain that we were preparing to cross, but none of them had ever returned to tell us of their adventures, and, as I now think of it, we were surely taking a wild and inconsiderate step for we had no definite knowledge

of their fate, and yet we were willing and anxious to plunge into the same wild and risk the dangers that were so numerous with no definite knowledge of what might lie at the other extreme. It seems a special providence of God that our hearts were kept strong and true to the task before us.

The election of a captain was to recur as often as once in every month, that no one be too long burdened with the duties and cares of that office.

My husband had a copy of the "Lewis and Clark" report and from that it was decided that our route lay along the banks of the Missouri river, although no definite idea was given, as making the journey in wagons and carriages was so different from the one made by Clark and Lewis. The Willamette valley was the goal of our destination and the land of our expectations, and on the morning of May 6, 1845, we started. Within a few hours time we began to sight vast herds of buffalo on their way to and from the plains to the river where they made regular excursions to get water. This sight was becoming so frequent in recurrence that we had grown quite indifferent to the sight when, one bright morning, a vast herd of several thousand of these horned beasts were seen coming directly toward our train. The order was given to stop, then veer to the left, as these animals were in a wild race commonly called a stampede, and had never been known to stop for anything that proves an obstruction to their progress. We were barely able to give them the right of way ere the great moving mass of apparently crazed beasts came alongside our teams with their regular movement, a sort of short gallop which gave the long line of living things the undulating movement of a great sea as it rises in regular billows and falls in gently undulating troughs. For more than two hours our progress was stayed and the time seemed to pass quickly too, for we were so spell-bound in our wonder at the vastness of the herd and the futility of our attempts to impede their onward movement. Many shots were fired into the herd but to no effect, as their thick skulls and great shaggy coats were almost impervious to the effect of those old time rifle shots; however a calf that fell behind the herd was slain and the meat divided out, but so small a game was not enough for a taste to the different parties who now besieged the captor.

A few days later we arrived at the fortified camp of Mr. Whitlock, his son, and several others who had gathered their belongings and preceded us to prepare dried meat for as many of the company as might desire to purchase for their outfitting

to carry them across the plains. We secured a bountiful supply and this proved a great blessing to us. This first taste of buffalo meat marked a decided improvement in my health and for the first time in my life I began to enjoy fairly good health.

To prepare this dried or jerked meat the newly dressed meat is first dipped into a solution of strong brine at boiling heat then hung over a frame work of small poles and allowed to drain off all superfluous moisture. A fire of hardwood now supplies the drying and curing smoke that renders the meat proof against the effects of microbes and decay. These animals were a great blessing to mankind both savage and civilized. Without these animals the vast region West of the Mississippi river would have been almost untamable. "A wilderness in its vast loneliness, a desert in its uncultivated wildness."

We were now out on the great plain of the Platte, or Nebraska river, and we could well fancy ourselves in the desert of Sahara, so striking was the resemblance, according to what Captain Riley said of the wild region of Africa where he spent many years in travel and research. Had we but camels to complete the "panorama," we would have had the semblance complete. The high winds would lift the soil and heap it around us in such a way that we could not be seen, so completely would the wind sweep the earth, but on we went, our hearts and minds striving to reach the "Land of Promise."

The car in which I rode was a large wagon that my husband had purchased only a few days before we started on this journey, and was drawn by two teams of strong oxen, and some of the time three span of oxen were required to do the work.

The trails made by the buffaloes ran parallel and were as regular as any set of ploughed furrows, so we rode on a constant rocking movement as our road lay parallel to the trails.

Since I have told you of the dust storms that occasionally came on you may wonder how we managed to protect our beds and clothing, but most of the wagons were so perfectly covered with well made canvas coverings that at a moments warning they could be so tightened down as to perfectly protect from dust, sand and wind. To be sure our going was not like riding in a Pullman Palace car, as I have since experienced, and the humpty-dumpty road was not gone over so rapidly as goes the "iron horse" or the electric motor, yet we were content to go on our way with the best that God gave us wisdom to employ, and we had the best accoutrements that the age and inventions of the times produced.

One day a small animal was seen running across the plain just as we called a halt for dinner. A little old man mounted a fleet horse and went in pursuit but he soon discovered that it was not a fawn but a new species of animal such as we had not seen on our journey, and one of which we had no knowledge, so he came back to meet the crowd and take the laugh. Some one spoke to my husband in regard to it saying, "It was so strange a little creature and so fleet of foot." He replied that from the first jump he had decided it must be an antelope as it so resembled the description given in his books of natural history. Chasing antelopes now became a favorite pastime for the younger men and many a poor grass-fed horse could testify to the cruel sport.

We were now in full view of the Rocky Mountains and their dull gray peaks towering skyward caused many an anxious thought and doubtful questioning as to how, when, or where we should find a pass through their apparently solid phalanx of rock. Our now weary teams and great cumbersome wagons could make an exit into the great beyond, and many were the rueful thoughts and dim forebodings of interest that would haunt our day dreams as we plodded along, ever moving yet making so little apparent progress. Anent these dismal thoughts came vivid pictures of the great beyond, the republic yet to be born, the conquest of the wide, wide West, recalling lines of prose and verse, descriptive of Evergreen Firs, soughing Pines, and flowing rivers that mingled their placid waters with the rolling turbulent waters of the great Pacific.

All along this part of the road there was great scarcity of wood and many times we were compelled to cook our food with buffalo chips. This caused many ladies to act very cross and many were the rude phrases uttered, far more humiliating to refined ears than any mention of the material used for fuel could have been, but fane of surroundings was a great leveler, and, ere long, each member of the various households was busily employed in the search for fuel. The fires burned clear and with great heat, so that by good management with our old fashioned "Dutch ovens" and closed kettles, a clean and wholesome meal could be quickly prepared over a fire of buffalo chips. Almost every family was provided with one or more good milch cows, and after a night's rest and graze the fresh morning milk, good warm bread, meats and sauce, for there was an abundance of dried fruits in each provision wagon.

Right here I wish to state that many of those emigrants

were well equipped for setting up a new home in a far off land. Whole bolts of sheeting, linsey wool, jean for men's clothing, carpets, home-knit hosiery and mittens of colors, both grave and gay, were stored away by careful hands to circumvent the day of need. Books also were not entirely forgotten. My husband and I brought our Bible, dictionary, arithmetic, grammar, charts and maps, also our diplomas of graduation.

CHAPTER VI.

LIEUTENANT FREMONT OVERTAKES OUR TRAIN IN THE SIOUX LAND.

We had been out only a few days when we stopped one day on the bank of the Platte river to prepare dinner. The fires were kindled, and, while the cooks were busy with their work and most of the men folks were down to the water with the horses suddenly there arose a fearful cry of "Indian! Indians!" This out-cry was followed by a stern command to "hitch up and roll out." The entire company seemed almost wild with excitement, children crying, mothers screaming or praying, men running wildly about, not knowing what to do. Aother voice was heard commanding to close in and "form a corral with all haste." By this time part of the teams were ready to proceed but the opinions of the more calm and judicious finally prevailed, and an effort was made to arrange the company in order for defense.

About this time I saw a woman assisting her husband in making bullets from bars of lead which were carried for that purpose. He prepared the lead by melting it in an iron ladle which he heated over coals of fire.

Soon a young man volunteered to go riding out on the higher ground where he could reconnoiter, while others had no other thought than to prepare for an open daylight battle with a hostile band of Indians. This man was out of sight so long that another volunteered to go in search of him. This man also disappeared from sight. The captain now looked frantic and, in spite of the entreaties of the older and wiser of the company, ordered an immediate movement forward in the line. The teams were now being placed. Women were crying, wringing hands, prayers were made, a medley of sounds and sights, a moving to and fro of frightened men, women and children. All was utter confusion and uproar.

By this time the glitter of fire arms was visible in the distance. My father and some of the men tried to pacify all by saying that Indians never made attacks in daylight. Their fears were somewhat allayed and quiet was being restored when on came the company of glittering bayonets, the guns shining like

burnished steel. They were soon along side of us, but imagine, if you can, our unbounded joy in the surprise. They were a regiment of U. S. soldiers in command of Captain Kearney and Lieutenant Fremont. These gallant commanders alighted from their horses, shook hands with the members of our company, assured us that their well-cared for boys would perform guard duty at night fall, that our stock should graze in peace and safety and that the weary teamsters might rest as our men were greatly fagged and over-worked by their daily toil and their night duty of standing on guard. These had been sent by the government to escort emmigrants across the plains. What unbounded joy filled every heart as we saw these well drilled, well mounted and thoroughly well equipped soldiers pass on ahead. They had one field-piece with them. A few days later they arranged a meeting with the Sioux chief and were assured that the emmigrants would pass in safety through their lands. They claimed the Rocky Mountain summit as their bound. The soldiers remained with us about ten days or so and then marched on foot to the foot of the Rocky Mountains and established Fort Kearney, but their patrol force rendered our journey absolutely safe. We now pursued our journey quietly and even monotonously. Each day the same program, the men gathering up the stock, harnessing the teams to the wagons, the women cooking, washing dishes, packing away their utensils, putting up lunches for the noon hour.

Captain Kearney gave us some useful instructions regarding our camp ground arrangement. We were to drive near enough together so that we could lay the tongue of our wagon just back of the hind wheels of the one next in front, thus forming a perfect circle, the second team to take the lead each day, thus we had a new neighbor each night. We were also instructed to build our fires outside the circle that our movements might be more hidden from enemies. The men were drilled as to their duty in case we should see enemies approaching. The teams were to be immediately formed in a circle, all animals to be placed inside the circle or corral, the women and children to remain quietly in the wagons, the men to shoulder guns and be prepared for firing when commanded to do so. This bit of instruction seemed to make them act more in unison and prevented recurring scenes of confusion. No Indian attack occurred.

This was a good place to study human nature. One family that traveled with us would drive out at day-break every morning and leave the other teams behind, as the lady said their

stock would not get enough to eat if they remained with the train, so they would push ahead until near night fall then camp quite near us and if another company of travellers should come along they would ask to be voted back into our train. This was kept up so regularly that at last some of the crowd would vote "no" just to annoy the lady, others were so vexed that the vote would have to be taken several times before they could be re-admitted into the train.

Another lady thought one evening of making soup for supper, so she placed her soup kettle over the fire to boil, but the slender branches which we were able to procure for fuel burned in two and down went the kettle, soup bone and all. She was quick enough to prevent any accident to the soup bone and the kettle was again prepared for cooking; the kettle and contents again came down and it was the fifth time that some accident had befallen when a successful arrangement was made and the soup kettle set up a regular succession of boil. "Well," said the lady, "I intend having that soup for supper after all." A man who had been sitting in front of a near wagon had whistled and whittled during the entire time then said, "Well, you are not a swearing woman or you would have been using some sort of swear words alright." This man was Mr. William Taylor, afterwards a well known settler in Marion county, Oregon. The lady smiled and by her look of patient perseverence showed the folly of any rash speech as a remedy for the many trifling and annoying occurrences of every-day life.

During the first two months of our journey we stopped regularly for Sunday, but now that the teams were getting so fagged and the feed becoming so dry and scarce it was thought best to make a short drive each day. It was estimated that we had about a thousand miles yet to go before reaching the Willamette valley and all thought best to make as much of our journey as possible before the late summer when both feed and water would most likely be very scarce. Accordingly we made as good time as possible and often allowed only half days for washing and putting away the clothes.

We continued our daily journeying, listening to the regular tramping of the poor four-footed beasts over the plain and through the dust, the midsummer sun beaming through the cloth roofs and the look of stern desperation settling in the countenances of the most refined and self sacrificing. A weary sameness seemed to characterize each, giving the look of similarity to the outline of each one with whom we came in contact.

There was now scarcely a green plant to be seen along the roadside, and, when our route lay away from the riverside we found it difficult to get water for cooking. This caused much suffering among the animals. How I pitied the poor oxen, jaded and hoof-worn lolling along, yet patient and faithful, as only dumb animals can be.

Marion Poe Gets Robbed in the Sioux Land.

One of my father's hired men went with father to bring up a fine milch cow that had fallen behind with a young calf. This occurred when we were only a few days out from the place of starting, and, as there was so large a train we did not fear any serious trouble with the Indians. The cow had dropped out of the herd some time during the night and father had no doubt about finding her, provided the calf was able to follow her.

Poe had a pistol in his belt and it was a favorite sport of his to shoot at toads, snakes and other small game such as squirrels, birds and rabbits. In this way his supply of ammunition was always low or exhausted.

They had no difficulty in finding the cow and were proceeding toward the train in good time when a small party of Indians were seen walking leisurely along at a little distance. Poe rode out to them and began to talk unconcernedly to them. He was riding a very spirited young horse of father's and the saddle was strong and new. It was of the old fashioned flat style, hornless and with broad iron stirrups and wide skirts. As he talked, or tried to talk to them, one of the Indians took hold of the horses bridles while two others took hold of the stirrups and quickly slipped them off his feet, and, while they unbuckled the straps his feet were left hanging uselessly down.

Poe was too scared to speak to father but father saw the situation and rode to his assistance. Father was also well mounted and carried a black-snake whip in his hand. The Indins were now prepared to pull Poe off the horse, but father gave a fierce rap with his whip across their hands causing them to loose their hold on the bridle. He then gave the horse a stroke with the whip, at the same time telling Poe to hold on to his saddle for his life. The horse gave a bound that caused the other knaves to fall backward. Father kept up such a fusilade with his whip that they got no time for drawing their bows and in a jiffy the two men and horses were out of danger of pursuit. It was the intention of the Indians to take the clothing and firearms from Poe before getting off his horse. Meantime the cow and calf had wandered on toward the camp so that

parties returned in safety to bring her in to the herd. Poe was cured of his desire to converse with the quick witted marauding Sioux. Although the laugh at his expense was the theme of many a joke among his comrades around the camp fires.

It was daily becoming more and more a serious question with each of us whether the poor faithful beasts would be able to carry their burdens to the land of our destiny, but that sustaining providence that never forsakes was meted out to us just such blessings as we were most in need of and we had learned to trust Him in whose heart is the way of them who, passing through the valley of Baca, maketh it a' well.

We were now nearing the Rocky Mountains. With fond hopes we pictured the beautiful Willamette valley beyond, but with much fear and trembling did we see the weary travelers attempt the climbing of the dreary foothills. Of our journey through the Rocky Mountains and the wonderful Yellowstone Park I will tell you in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

OBSERVATIONS IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

We were now in the mountainous country and I never wearied of the beauties and wonders of the scenery. Being naturally "full of curiosity" and roving in mind and disposition I would mount my riding nag and employ every spare moment in feasting my eyes and my "minds eye" upon their varied and wonderful scenes.

My first and predominating thought was that an earthquake had visited that whole region, and that was even so, and many had there been as there are great masses of upheavals upturned along side of craters of vast extent; extinct volcanoes, numerous rock forms, many of them showing pyrites of the precious metals, as gold, iron, copper and silver. In these observations my husband and father were both interesting companions and it was often remarked that we were passing over more gold than we would ever possess in any new lands which we might conquer. But no one dared think of stopping to investigate or prospect as the season was now drawing to a close and the thought of snow falling in the mountains was a continual menace to any tendency to tardiness or delay. The look of our weary teams was sufficient incentive to effort in behalf of reaching our journeys end.

One night we camped near a small marsh formed by water that flowed from a spring at the foot hills. The animals hurried ahead to slack their thirst but turned away in apparent fright. One of the men took a pail and went to get drinking water for the family, but he called out, "boys it's hot enough to cook eggs," and sure enough we made coffee by pouring the water just from the spring over the ground coffee. It was with feelings of awe that I viewed this one of the great works of creation that are marvelous in our eyes, yet common with Him who does all things.

A dog that had followed us through the entire journey tried to drink at this spring but one lap of his tongue was quite enough to satisfy the good canine. He gave one loud yelp then ran off whining because of his scalded mouth.

One lady, a dear good woman, made tea by pouring the boiling water over tea leaves then asked me to sip a cup of tea with her in remembrance of the place and the occasion, so we took tea together made from the naturally hot water.

One evening when we had camped earlier than usual and the broken and upheaved surface of the ground awakened so much curiosity that, in company with a young lady of our acquaintance, I went for a stroll among the many curious and wonderful natural and misplaced formations. We came to a large flat rock surface of volcanic nature, or lava flow, which extended several yards in a direct slant, and, looking beyond I saw an opening that resembled a cellar mouth. As I proceeded down the incline the opening began to show enormous dimensions. The girl said "please do not go any nearer," but I walked to the farther side and thought to go inside, but on looking into the inky darkness I was over-awed by the deathly silence and, throwing a stone into the cavern, I heard a dull distant thud that convinced my mind of the great distance from my footing to the lower level. With shelly rock under my feet, the dismal cave in front of me, the lengthening shadows on the distant mountainside, I turned and hastened up the steep incline to the broad daylight where stood the dear girl awaiting my return, and in her face I saw the look of great relief from anxiety that had awakened by my safe return and I ever afterwards heeded Ruth's kind admonition to never again venture so far into such a dangerous place.

While coming on through those strange looking places where warm springs, and boiling springs, and spouting springs, and soda springs, and springs of clear cold water refreshing to taste were so near together and apparently so promiscuously dotted over the landscape, that while we were lost in the veneration of one we were brought in the close proximity of another. And thus the whole day would pass as one great panorama of views, grand and sublime. The grand old geysers spouting water to a distance of from twenty to one hundred feet in the air to come down in a beautiful spray which was often-times illumined by sunlight so as to give off all the brilliance of a rain-bow, the gurgle of boiling springs near our feet, the wonderful colors of earth and rock and tree and sky, the faint odor of brimstone, or the sweet disinfected air from the vicinity of a soda spring, all were new to me as "sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything."

I was on horse-back one morning and riding alone that I might halt or proceed at will and seeing a natural resorvoir full of clear, limpid water I took my drinking cup from its fastening on my saddle and dipped up a cup of the water. It was clear as crystal and looked very tempting, but, on tasting, it was strong as of mineral and had a tartishness very much like cider. A close inspection showed that the reservoir, which, in my estimation, was six to eight feet in depth, was circular in form and several times that distance across in any direction. The water flowed from a spring down the abrupt side of a mountain, trickling over a stony surface. The masonry of the vast pool or tank was formed of the mineral contents of the crystalizing. These pools were quite numerous in that section. I did not find it necessary to leave the main traveled road to study these natural curiosities. Here all was curious. We would start into a canyon and wind round and round until it would seem that we were completely lost and hemmed in on all sides, then, after awhile, we would emerge from this into open space, yet on, on and on we would go.

Whatever gave people the incentive to continue such a dead march and march along, it was because, should we stand still, we must needs starve as in this strange and wonderful country little game was to be seen. Occasionally a bush bearing yellow currants might be seen along the ravines or on the hillsides. Some were so hungry for fruit that they seemed to relish these and some even made pies of them.

Each day's journey now brought us rapidly into rougher lands and it became evident that we were ascending the Rocky Mountains, of which I have several times spoken. Of our journey across these mountains I will speak in the succeeding chapter.

After leaving these pools and wonders of nature the road became more rugged, hilly and rocky. The poor bovines became so lame and fagged that they seemed to dread to move and would try to evade the regular harnessing for the day's duty. But once under the yoke they would willingly obey and work to the last limit of their strength. These were times to try the mettle of men. The judicious and kind would control their teams with kind words and wait patiently for the poor jaded beasts to choose their footing, while the more unmerciful would resort to volumes of enathemas and the lashing of their great whips would almost deafen those of refined feelings or considerate natures. When we were nearing one of these dif-

ficult places I would, if possible, ride out of range of the sound of such voices and words, while dear mother would almost invariably say, "you go on ahead. We will get so weary of the noise and profanity, but you have plenty of time to escape it."

In fording the larger or more dangerous streams, you may be assured that I did not attempt any long distance rides, and always rode near the side of my husband's team, although in this I was sometimes mistaken for, in some instances, the appearances were so deceiving and in one instance particularly, two or three women were riding with me and we saw an innocent looking stream with green and mossy banks, just beyond which was a large tract of grass land where our horses might have quite a feed ere the teams could overtake us. So we rode fearlessly into the water, but the banks were almost perpendicular and the smaller horses were midside in water and mud. My nag was the only one that seemed able to breast the current. I felt her courageous, forward move so I said, "Follow me, and do not attempt to turn around. Let my filly choose the exit." She turned her head upstream and within a dozen steps came to a regularly sloping bank that brought us safely out to the much coveted feed. The others laughed at our experiences, and, while we dried our wet shoes and clothing, the poor nags feasted on the rich pasture feed to which they had come. Our experience had been observed by the whole line of drivers and they profited by our experience and sent a man to look out a more safe bank for driving down and soon the entire procession of teams was halted in the grazing ground.

The daily routine of work was now becoming almost beyond the strength of our poor teams to accomplish and yet it was impossible to stop. We must either forge our way or take the risk of staying over winter in these lone wild mountains.

In fording this stream several of the wagons were overturned and some valuable stores were lost, yet, by patient perseverence and quick thought father saved most every valuable article and lost only of food stuffs. This loss was due to the reckless driving of a hired man. My husband crossed without an accident. In case a stream was very treacherous, as to hidden rocks, I would ride in front and discover hidden boulders, as most of the accidents in fording streams came from wheeling over these dangerous obstructions.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOCTOR WHITMAN AND THE GRANDE RONDE VALLEY.

When we reached Powder River we were surprised by seeing a small party of horsemen approaching. These proved to be Doctor Whitman and a party of friendly Nez Perce Indians who were coming to warn us of the dangers of the unfriendly Indians that threatened our lives should we attempt to drive unguarded through their lands.

Doctor Whitman had been told by friendly Indians that Indian spies had already reported our approach, so he and a select few had made a night ride in behalf of our safety, coming from the Snake River Mission, near where Lewiston, Idaho, now stands, down the Grande Ronde river and across the Powder River Mountains. They knew that large numbers of Indians were advancing across the Blue Mountains to the attack. Doctor Whitman insisted upon a strict military camp and said we were subject to attack at any time. I have not yet told you of the birth of my unfortunate little brother at the marshes on the Malheur river. Father and ourselves were left and the train went on. He said it were better for a few to perish than that all should go down. Dear mother was very critically ill for the most of the next day, and we did not attempt to move her. Just before sunset of the second day we espied the wagons of another train coming toward us. Father rode out to meet them and found a royal welcome from the weary travelers who were glad to camp with us. A doctor in their party was called in to see mother. He said that nothing more was necessary than had been done. A night's rest and we were out by 4:00 o'clock the next morning to overtake the train, and by noon the next day the two companies were united. This occurred a few days previous to the arrival of Doctor Whitman. Thus you see, we were an unusually large company and the Doctor declared that a marked providence in our favor, as we were the first train of the year, and he considered the road that lay before us the most dangerous of the entire journey, as he described the mountainous character of the road that lay between us and the Willamette valley.

The Doctor piloted us along the Powder river and over a low range of mountains into the Grande Ronde valley. This valley we approached by a long winding canyon. The friendly Indians rode in advance and their countenances betrayed their fear of enemies. Night was approaching, but we were instructed to drive until we could camp in the open or level country, and by forced driving we reached the Grande Ronde valley by 4:00 o'clock.

Doctor Whitman awaited the return of the Indians that he had sent out to spy the road ahead, and much sooner than he had anticipated they returned, riding at full speed, to tell the Doctor that the Walla Wallas were approaching and that all the warriors were prepared for an immediate attack. The camp was established, about a mile, I should say, from the mouth of the canyon, and every precaution taken. The children were instructed to remain hidden on the side of the wagons opposite that which would receive the discharge of their firearms. No supper was cooked. The men were fully armed and every precaution taken. The wiley Cayuse chief gave the best suggestions in some important particulars.

Our preparations were scarcely completed when the Indians began to arrive, sauntering up in groups, on foot, and in roving bands, mounted on ponies. They were, of course, unconscious of our forewarning and came to reconnoiter and were perfectly non-plussed when they saw our surroundings. Doctor Whitman assumed command, or rather his cool quick thoughtedness held the attention of all. He walked out a few steps and extended his hand. The chief at first hesitated, then, after a moment's consultation with his warriors he assumed a friendly guise and shook hands with the Doctor, pretending great friendship for all his pale face brothers, went on a tour of inspection around the camp. That was a signal for all the others to follow suit and our camp was carefully inspected by each group. Doctor Whitman now went outside the circle of wagons and stood facing the two Indian chiefs. After a few moments of sullen silence one of the chiefs said something about Doctor Whitman's business with the train, and, at last spoke in broken English. "How you get here?" Then Doctor Whitman began speaking in the most eloquent terms of the power of the government and of the harmless intentions of the company. The Indian then took the stand as a lecturer and defied all settlers and all authority of government.

When the discourse was ended an Indian stepped out to

the front between the great body of Indians and the now seeming handful of white people and filled a pipe with finely cut tobacco. When this was done the chief made signals for all to be seated and, as the circles were formed, the chief and twelve of his mob went to the inner part of the circle and, with the chief as a center, the twelve seated around him. He took the pipe and smoked a whiff then passed the pipe to the next and thus around until each had smoked. The pipe was then passed to the oldest white man present and on around until each had smoked a whiff. When this was over the Indians arose as to go, but Whitman saw the treachery and bade the chief stand in his tracks. Most of our people were surprised but some others had understood the situation and it was deemed our only hope of life to hold the chief prisoner. The wisdom of this was soon apparent as all that night bands of warriors kept coming. We could hear their grunts of disappointment as they learned that their plans were interrupted.

My husband and two or three others were appointed to keep the chief a prisoner. Doctor Whitman knew by their signals and conduct that the peace pipe was only to throw the men off guard and make a night attack more easy of complete destruction. But during this time the Indians knew nothing of his instructions and those on guard were not armed but each had a trusty attendant ready to hand the gun loaded and ready for execution should one signal for attack be given.

The young warriors were fully armed with guns, swords, quivers and with bows slung across their shoulders stood in moody silence and watched the leader like birds of prey watch the movements of their intended victim, while straggling insolent braves began to march around the camps where an attempt was now being made to cook some food for the hungry children and tired, weary, and now thoroughly aroused parents. It was evident that the warriors were only awaiting an opportunity to make their attack. By a preconcerted movement the stragglers began taking bread from the reflectors. Doctor Whitman stood out now in full view and the warriors looked somewhat non-plussed.

Just at dusk the chief and twelve painted warriors in full arms came up and seated themselves near the corral. I have said that the two or three lead companies of that year were massed in one at about the time of Doctor Whitman's arrival, so that now our train numbered ninety wagons and over two hundred men, each of whom could fire two or three charges

without stopping to reload, as that took some time with the old fashioned muzzle loading guns. At that last movement of the hostile Indians Doctor Whitman, as commander, now quietly ordered every man to his proper position, facing the outer world, backs to the wagons, the women and children to remain concealed in the wagons as I have described. Within a few moments time these preparations were all completed and the Walla Walla chief's look changed from haughty defiance to one of deep distrust.

An abundance of light fuel had been placed within the corral and the fires were slightly replenished from time to time that the dim light of the coals might reveal the approach of an enemy from the outer darkness.

Ere the twilight faded, and as it was apparent that great numbers of Indians were gathering within range, Dr. Whitman began to talk to the chief of the Walla Walla's. The chief made no reply but shook his head defiantly. The chief of the Cayuses now spoke vehemently in the style of true Indian eloquence. The Doctor spoke again and again, and the chief replied, still defying us to go on. Then Doctor Whitman rose to almost super-human heighth and, in a stern voice, told them in emphatic terms that the Great Father of the "Bostons" would send men to defend these travelers, and that ship loads of soldiers and guns would arrive to kill all the Indians who molested his people on their way to the distant valley. The Cayuse chief then arose and pledged himself and his warriors to aid the Great Father. The Walla Walla chief then arose and, slowly, but in great solemnity of style of manner, took bow and quiver, laid them on the ground, and, after he was seated, each of his warriors in turn followed his movement, so that at the close of the performance the chief was in the center of the ring and around him were the twelve quivers of arrows and the bows outside. These were the twelve disarmed warriors. The chief then produced a long pipe and himself filled it with Indian tobacco, and, after smoking a few whiffs, passed it to the oldest man present and from him to the next, and so on in much the same manner as the Cayuse chief had done earlier in the evening. During this time there was a solemn silence, but as soon as this was done the chief addressed himself to the Doctor, saying that we need have no fear, and that his young men were like the "Boston" young men. They would sometimes steal something, but he would keep a watch over their conduct and return whatever they stole.

By this time signal lights were gleaming from hundreds of places on the mountains around and it was evident that one signal from the chief would bring the merciless horde upon us, so it was decided that the chief should not return until morning, consequently every gun was leveled at those Indians grouped near our camp. The chief had pretended the friendship to throw us off our guard and was defiant so he demanded the body of my baby brother to take with him to their camp. Seeing that trouble was imminent Doctor Whitman, by a quick movement, placed him in range of a rifle and commanded my husband to hold the chief at the point of the gun until further orders. The Indian had moved to the front of the wagon when he made the demand and was now seated on the whiffletree. Mr. Walden stood at the end of the wagon tongue and leveled his gun as directed. The chief made an attempt to go. Doctor Whitman said, "Move and my man shoot you like a dog." This command had its desired effect. The two men stood motionless from dusk until the arrival of the Nez Perce chief and his followers the next morning. It was a night of terror to all, not a breath of sleep except the younger children.

Early in the morning fires were lighted and a good supply of coffee was made. The sullen and wily Indians came in hordes to drink. Meanwhile, the chief, looking like a caged demon, scowled and refused to speak a word. All his plans had been foiled, but he was conquered. Soon after sunrise the Nez Perce chief came up with his men. They had crossed the Blue Mountains during the night. The Walla Walla chief gave a groan of desperation and dropped his gun.

The kind old Nez Perce chief shook hands with Doctor Whitman, then addressed himself to the sullen chief: "The Great Spirit watched the white man, and the Indians should know better than kill them." A cup of good coffee was brought to the chief before he was released from captivity. He drank it and ate the proferred food, but refused to talk to the friendly chief. He then walked slowly out to where his pony grazed, followed by his warriors.

The Nez Perce had been sent out by Rev. Spalding of the Lapwai Mission, and these friendly Indians brought game and dried meats for us, also some tokens of friendship.

Our fears were now allayed and the anxious mothers again attempted to prepare food for the hungry, frightened children. All worked with renewed energy. The teams were now allowed to graze on the beautiful grassy meadows but a close watch was

kept as there were thousands of Indians to be seen in all directions. It was estimated that our train would have been massacred before one-half their number could have been in the engagement.

We now drove to the Grande Ronde river and camped where that stream comes out from the mountains. When visiting La Grande in later years my husband decided that we were on that ground for our first camp after the night of terror, and, as the whole region was alive with Indians we did not rest securely in feeling, although the "friendly Indians" and the Doctor with his followers were in two groups near us and assured our weary men that they would attend guard duty for the night.

The next morning we were on our way by sunrise and that night we camped in the mountains at what is now known as Meacham station. Doctor Whitman and the friendly Indians continued to pilot us until we reached The Dalles of the Columbia at the old Dalles Mission which is now embraced in the city of The Dalles, Oregon.

We passed over the present site of the city of Pendleton and soon after leaving the mouth of McKay Creek we took a direct course to the Columbia river which we reached some time the next night. From there we crossed over sand dunes and over the banks of inflowing streams until we came to the Deschutes river. This stream was difficult to cross and rafts were constructed although a ford was finally discovered.

We reached The Dalles, Oregon, on the 14th day of September, 1845, just two days before my seventeenth birthday. At the Dalles we found a mission and a few families of missionaries. My husband and I attended church there on Sunday, September 19th, and heard a sermon by Mr. Waller. Five or six families besides ourselves made up the congregation. A dozen or so Indians were present.

The Indians of the Klickitat tribe across the river on what is now known as the Washington side were friendly to the whites and brought over boatloads of fresh vegetables to sell. We bought peas, onions and turnips from them, also young potatoes, as good ones as I have ever seen in my life. The Indians also brought nice, fresh venison to sell so that during our week's stay our teams and stock recruited and we enjoyed some degree of the comforts of home life, only the camp fires could never take the place of the Franklin stove to which I had ever been accustomed. There was a small store or trading post kept by the Hudson Bay Company where supplies could be purchased.

While here we washed clothing, repacked our goods, and, for the first time in many months, used the flatirons, thus enjoying a good degree of wholesome comfort.

On Monday, September 20th, a party went out to explore the country, and discover, if possible, any route that could be traversed by wagons across the Cascade mountains. The return of this exploring party convinced us that such an undertaking was utterly impossible, except for the loose stock.

The next plan was to devise some means of conveying the wagons and families down the river, together with the household goods.

Father had lost only one head of stock on the road, and one calf born on the road made the herd just as it was when starting, one hundred head. It would be impossible to take so large a herd down the river so it was decided that father take the family and goods down the river and my husband take the stock over the mountains. The train was now broken into families or groups as the fear of Indians was past. Father chartered two ship yawls that had been towed up the river by the Hudson Bay Company, also three Indian canoes and the Indian owners were hired to assist us in the trip down the river. Our men went to work preparing these for the trip. The wagons were taken to pieces and loaded on the boats. Bales and boxes of goods were placed beside the trunks and a large canoe was to take mother and the children, Mrs. Welch, a widow lady, and her three young children, down the river. It was intended that I should accompany her also, but my mind was fully made up in another way, and, when the time came for action I expressed my determination differently as the next chapter will show.

The Story of the Bear River Cut-off.

When we reached a small stream called Bear River there was quite a dispute as to the road. Captain Kearney had left us, knowing that Doctor Whitman and his friendly Indians would soon meet us, so we were again alone but no danger was apprehended as we were assured that the first time we would strike into a disputed Indian territory would be some where near the Grande Ronde valley, and these scouts had gone ahead to inform the Mission of our coming.

When we reached Bear river a dispute arose as to the proper course and some contended that we should turn Northward and follow that stream to the Columbia, but the majority decided to follow the directions of Captain Kearney and take a direct

course to the Northward across the country to the Grande Ronde river. The dispute became heated and finally a small party left us shouting good-byes and waving hats, although some mothers of that party wept and took farewell with heavy hearts. They followed the stream to its confluence with the Snake river, then down the Snake river to the Columbia. Of their sufferings and deaths the world will never know. And if the details were all written we yet could never realize all.

One day shortly after our arrival in the Dalles a man was seen approaching. The sight was so unusual that father and some others went out to meet him as his slow and weary steps indicated distress. It proved to be Mr. Hull, one of those who had left us at Bear river. He was scarcely able to walk and had not tasted food for three days. Soon as he had eaten a meal and was able to converse he told us that his wife, and five other mothers had died. The children and the remainder of the party were in camp about a day's travel up the Columbia river. They were dying of starvation. Their teams had been without feed most of the way and were unable to go any further without rest. A horse was immediately packed with provisions. Father and several others started that same afternoon to their relief. They were found just as Mr. Hull had described them and by the close of another day we saw those weary, worn travelers toiling along toward us.

The story of their sufferings was terrible. One woman had died as they were driving down the steep side of a mountain and they dared not stop until the foot of the mountain was reached and the little company in a safe location on account of the Indians. Then the body was buried in the best manner possible. Five women died and also several children. The remainder of the company were almost destitute of clothing and had suffered desperately. One woman whose death occurred in this party was Mrs. Sam Parker. She left a large family of children. The reunion was a time of sadness and tears. Our own trials and dangers were vividly in mind and we were just resting and giving thanks for all that we had escaped. So our sympathies were alive and active toward our unfortunate friends. Tears flowed freely and each member of our company vied with one another in their efforts to render these unfortunates comfortable. The children were kept together and no family was separated but there were many opportunities to assist them and it was the delight of each to do all possible for these dear motherless children.

It has been said to me in later years that it was from such scenes as these that I formed the habit of seeking the needy, but I wish to say that the desire to assist the suffering and needy was a born gift and with myself and husband there was never an opportunity to assist the needy that did not enlist our full sympathies and call out our best efforts to aid. It is such a real pleasure to make others happy and comfortable that no one should neglect the opportunity to do so.

CHAPTER IX.

WE CROSS THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS AND ARE LOST FOR ELEVEN DAYS.

My husband and Mrs. Welch's three sons were to drive the stock. After some deliberation it was decided that my brother, Lemuel, should accompany them. That decided my case. I, too, would accompany them. To this there was a strong remonstrance but my will was not to be swayed in that matter. Mother wept but I told them of my fears concerning their frail boats to stem the current of that raging river, for we had seen the Celilo Falls. Father and my husband had gone as far as the Cascade Falls. After some consideration of the matter she finally became more reconciled. Soon as all the arrangements were completed we gathered the stock, counted them, and started out on our perilous journey. This was on the first day of October, 1845.

I forgot to mention that we were to be assisted by one of father's hired men, the same Marion Poe who had traveled with us from the first day of our journey. On the day of our departure I placed my new Spanish saddle that was bought for me in St. Louis, on my strong and trusty young nag, and, with parting tears and good-byes, we dared the wilderness and the desert.

We were substantially provided with food as a good horse was loaded with all necessary provisions, but on the second day out from the Dalles Poe was left to bring the pack horse while we were rounding the stock in the direction of our destination and again he met a band of straggling Indians. As he attempted to talk to them they deliberately led the pack horse into ambush, and half an hour later we returned from the various courses that had called us away and found Poe riding dejectedly along, with nothing to prevent us from starving. We would have returned to the Dalles but the others were already two days journey down the river and we were not prepared to replenish the stores. So it was left us to attempt the mountains without food, except beef.

After another day or two we heard loud hallowing behind us. The sounds were not such as to cause alarm and soon it was seen to come from a party of five young men and one old

trapper. These parties were not cumbered with baggage and thought to go on ahead and select camping places and kill game. Learning of our loss the Smith boys kindly divided stores as far as we would permit them, giving me nineteen biscuits and a small rasher of bacon. A small portion of tea and sugar was tied on my saddle so we had a comfortable supper.

The traveling was slow and toilsome. Heavy fall rains were coming on and the steep slopes were almost impassible for man and beast. On the sixth day we became entangled in a thicket of vine-maples and were compelled to turn back to our camping place of the previous night. Next day we found it impossible to proceed through the dense growth of Mountain Laurel. The cattle ate freely of this shrub and were so poisoned that we dared not eat the meat.

The old gentleman, Mr. Carson, had been chosen guide and he was misled by the Indian trails that led to the berry patches far up on the slopes of Mount Hood. So we had been making little progress toward the place of our destination. One morning we awoke in a blinding snowstorm. We toiled along the whole day through without seeing a tree or a spear of grass. Our course seemed to be up a gradual steep slope. As night was coming on it seemed we must all perish, but weak, faint and starving we went on. The stronger men now led the way and left relays to shout back so that we might follow them. My husband and I were the last in the line. The strongest horses had given out before noon and we were compelled to walk and lead our riding nags.

The loose stock became so weak and discouraged that we left them altogether, but the poor lost creatures followed along for most of the afternoon. Our situation was each moment becoming more desperate. The only hope of our lives lay in finding shelter and wood for a fire. The few pieces of bed clothing that were tied on our saddles were wet and our garments were dripping wet through and through with the snow that had fallen on us all day long and had melted and thoroughly drenched every garment that we wore. As the evening light illumined the receding storm clouds we realized our hazardous situation as never before and we turned our course down the mountainside. Fortunately for us there were no shadows and the eternal snows cast a white light that was sufficient to guide our feet, even after the day had drawn to a close. We were now crossing the line from the eternal snows into that newly fallen and, as our weary feet sank into the sand that underlay

the new snow, hope deserted us, yet on and on we went. At a few minutes before 10:00 o'clock that night we were walking on firmer ground, the wet snow being about a foot deep. I was so faint and weak that I could scarcely put one foot before the other and was dragged along by my husband. One man was leading a fine young horse of which he had taken great care, and leading the animal near my side insisted that I ride. My husband lifted me on the horse but not one step would the poor beast take although I weighed less than eighty pounds at that time. The men then placed my brother on the horse's back but with the same result. My husband was now leading me along and lifted me over the obstructions of the path. We were of course the last in the line of relays and the welcome sound of "we have found weed," was wafted to our ears. This gave us a renewed energy and by an almost super-human effort we at last reached the assembled group. No sign of a fire was to be seen and most of the men and all the boys were shedding tears. We were told that not a man could be found whose hands had strength to fire a gun, and not a dry thread of clothing for kindling. All were panic stricken and all hope seemed abandoned.

My husband had been exerting all his power in assisting me along and as soon as he realized the situation he seized the gun and fired it into the little bunch of kindling the men had prepared, but no fire resulted. He now made every man present haul off his coat and in the inner lining of Mr. J. Moore's coat a small piece of dry quilted lining was found. This was placed in a handful of whittlings, and as the gun was reloaded all realized that upon that charge depended our lives. With almost super-human effort Mr. Walden succeeded in firing the gun and in an instant the flames burst forth. A great shout of thanks-giving burst forth and each poor suffering traveller crowded as near as possible to the welcome fire.

I was so exhausted and discouraged that I sat down on a hummock and was perfectly indifferent as to the result. But soon as there was sufficient warmth my husband led me to the fire side. No sooner had the warmth penetrated my wet and freezing garments than such excruciating pains seized me that I was wild with pain and could not forbear the scream that rent the air on that wild mountain. There was nothing to be done and I had to endure this suffering until the clothing on my body was dry and the chill of frost drawn out of my limbs.

My saddle horse was the only animal that was brought into

the camp and soon my bedding was spread up to dry, and while the great pitch pine trees were consumed with fire the group of weary travelers were soon fast asleep. Mr. Walden presented me with a biscuit, one that he had carried since our morning meal, fearing that some such extremity might overtake us. The morsel of food renewed my strength and as the warm woolen blankets were wrapped snugly around me I reclined near the great heap of glowing logs and felt that God in his great mercy would yet guide us safely into the land of our adoption. We slept soundly and awoke to find the sky cloudless, clear, and aglow with the light of the morning sun. The only hope of our lives now lay in the men finding the cattle that one might be used for food, as not a morsel now remained of any sort and some of us had been stinted for more than a week.

All arose and, after due deliberation, it was decided that I should remain with the two boys, my brother Lemuel, and Mrs. Welch's son. All the others were to go in quest of the stock. We watched the weary procession as they disappeared over the distant slope and the boys would have given up to tears, but that hope which precludes despair was ever present in my heart and, after obeying the instruction to "keep a good fire and smoke going, as it may prove a guide to our return," I proposed that we go to the summit of a near ridge and look beyond and in the direction of our anticipated home. In our wanderings I became separated from the boys.

My attention was wholly devoted to the majestic hue of Mount Hood as seen from that high Southern slope. We were far above the timber line and the prospect was great. We were at the edge of vast snow fields and looking upward towards the summit I saw an unusually black looking spot, and after clambering up many hundreds of feet I came upon what seemed to be an extinct crater, and near what seemed to me to be the summit of a mountain. I anxiously hoped to see smoke issue therefrom. I sat down, lost in thought and admiration of the beautiful and wonderful view that opened before my eyes.

The sky was cloudless. The storms of the previous day had so cleared the air of dust and impurities that my horizon was boundless, and this, my first, prospect of everlasting green forests and their wonderful vividness, green on all the near approaches and changing with wonderful blend from green to etheral blue, and on the distant margin rested the shade of blue, so intense, so indescribably beautiful that no power of

words can express the wonderful panorama of beauty with which my soul was entranced. Seated on eternal snow, looking from over these mountains and hills, across wide valleys into dark glens, above the roar of wind or of waters, I was lost in infinity.

Time speeded by without my conscious measurement. It was now about 12:00 o'clock in the day. The descent proved long and tedious. I went in search of the boys and found them busily engaged rolling boulders down the mountainside to hear the crash of their descent and the thud of their landing in the depths of some forested canyon far beneath our feet. By persuasion I convinced them of the dangers of their amusement, and we walked in various directions viewing the curious and wonderful things about us. At some distance from us we saw a curiously colored copse and on approaching nearer we found it to be a dense growth of small green bushes loaded with masses of small purplish berries growing on slender twigs. The fruit was odorous and of a tempting look. I feared to eat them although they were as fragrant as ripe apples, but, venturing a taste, I found them delicious. I plucked some branches and carried them to our camp fire and tasted them again and again until I decided they were harmless. The boys and I ate freely of them. Our hunger and thirst was appeased and we realized the nutritious effect. We now carried and laid by the campfire a fine stock of the berries to await the return of the weary and starving men folks, should they be so fortunate as to reach us when nightfall should overtake us.

Just before sunset the men and beasts were seen crossing a distant ridge. Instinct seemed to have directed the weary, chilled beasts to climb a distant ridge where they found shelter under a towering cliff. The men found them huddled together. The horses and cattle were in one group apparently afraid to venture out in the snow. The grand rock roof and sandy floor protected them from cold and storm, and but for the tinkle of their bells they might have perished. As it was they had been quite comfortable for the night. Not far from our camp was some short grass and leafy shrubs on which they could browse. Our saddles, budgets, and bed-clothing had rested safely on the backs of our weary beasts.

Early next morning we resumed our journey, having butchered a beef which we could not eat on account of the poisoned laurel. One of the men had named the fruit which we produced, huckle berries, and from these we made our only breakfast-food. My own party had been fourteen days with only nine

hard-tack biscuits and four small slices of bacon. The Smith boys and all the others in the crowd were also about out of food, and it was decided to make forced marches in the direction of Oregon City, which, from this treeless heighth, we judged to be nearly West of us.

We kept the stock with us until we reached the grass lands at the head of Sandy River. Each one then decided to go in quest of food as the men were becoming desperate and had lost all fear of wild beasts so that even the sight of a grizzly bear would not have frightened us. Our horses were now so weak that my husband could not ride any one of them only a few rods at a time. My case now developed the last stages of starvation.

Just after dark we reached the river where it was now quite a broad stream, rolling and tumbling over high boulders. I tried to urge my pet riding nag into the water but it was no use. On the opposite bank we saw a small fire burning and rightfully judged it to be some lagging member of our advanced party. My husband desired to cross, hoping to find something for our starving nags to eat.

After awhile we heard the sound of a human voice. It proved to be Mr. Allen Miner, a young man who had left the party early in the morning and had walked all day in advance of us. He had crossed the river in day light. He called our horses by name and at this they plunged into the raging stream. My saddle girth broke and I had to hold by the mane and balance myself as Dolly would swim the deep channels, mount the rugged rocks or plunge over the sand bars, but, by the mercy of God, husband and I found ourselves safely across. Allen had a bright fire to welcome us and had killed a bird which he had broiled, and this he shared with us.

We rested until day-break. The horses had lain all night by the fire and we had great difficulty in getting them up by day-break. Allen Miner now took the two boys, Mrs. Welch's son and my brother, Lemuel, and forged ahead in search of food. Husband and I went on as fast as our weary limbs would carry us. Most of the party reached the home of Peter Hatch about 2:00 o'clock on that afternoon. They were given some food and were put to bed. Husband and I came in sight of their lights, for Mrs. Hatch kept a tallow candle burning in the window and outside of the house a good fire of logs that we might be guided to their place.

I now took off my blanket dress and put on my spick and span new dress and corded sun-bonnet which I had carried safely

on my saddle, and thus arrayed, by my husband's help, I staggered into the door. Mrs. Hatch caught me in her arms and her first words were, "Why dear woman, I supposed your clothing had been torn off your body long ago."

We were seated by the fire. She bathed our weary limbs, and after we had rested a few moments, seeing our starved, wan look, she apologized for having but one potato baked with salt and a little butter for each. She then entertained us with pleasant conversation and put more potatoes to bake. In less that an hour's time we were served with baked potatoes, meat, butter, and a small slice of bread. We then retired for the night.

We awoke early with ravenous appetites. Mrs. Hatch was aware of this, and, knowing the danger of our condition had wisely stinted our meals. Our breakfast was more substantial. They had beef of excellent quality and on this day we were given four meals, and each one recovered from this nineteen days of want with no serious after effects.

My husband and the others were equally blest but they did not rest contentedly as all our prospects for making a home in the newly settled region was in finding our poor stock and teams. As soon as they were able to go on the trail a good supply of food was prepared and they returned to the stock and were blest in finding every one of the animals in better condition and grazing in a friendly herd, horses, oxen and stock cattle. Not a hoof was missing and within a week's time we were surprised to see them all brought safely to the end of our journey.

Mrs. Peter Hatch continued to supervise our necessities and in all the world there could not be found a woman more capable and more willing to make her fellow-beings happy and comfortable. Later I shall give a short tribute to this noble lady.

A few days rest restored the strength and vitality to our weary bodies and the first thought was to secure employment for the winter. The pasturage was free and we left the poor animals to recuperate for winter while we prepared to work for Dr. McLaughlin at his saw mill on the Taualatin river. After two months work we learned that we were to receive nothing for our work that fall and we returned to Oregon City where we learned that father, mother, and all our friends with whom we had parted at the Dalles, were safely established in good houses at the old foundry works on the Willamette river. Father came right up to see us and took the stock home with him. Mr. Walden rented rooms in Oregon City and we re-

mained there all winter. I had for near neighbor, Mrs. J. Welch who afterwards moved to Astoria and remained there a respected lady and the mother of a noble family.

The environs of our new home, surrounded by giant Fir trees, the healthful sea breezes, the strange sights and sounds were sources of continual thought. The long distance that separated us from our old home in the Mississippi valley, precluded any form of home sickness and our united efforts were wholly set upon the building of a home.

As yet we had seen nothing of the land claims which had been the lure of our most sanguine hopes, but the first effort of our lives was wholly devoted to the acquirement of the necessities of life.

Of our winter in Oregon City and the subsequent experiences, I will tell you in the next chapter.

CHAPTER X.

MY FATHER AND FAMILY AND MRS. WELCH GO DOWN THE COLUMBIA RIVER IN FLAT BOATS AND INDIAN CANOES.

On the day following our departure from the Dalles on our perilous journey across the Cascade mountains my father began the work of loading all our goods on the improvised boats. The wagons were taken to pieces and loaded a piece at a time first. Then the household goods were placed around our trunks and chests. It has been well said that on such a journey one should take only the bare necessities of life, but in every home there are many treasures that are most valuable for their associations than for their intrinsic value or usefulness. My little chair made of Sugar Maple wood, a chest of books sent me from Massachusetts when but eight years of age, calicoes bought during the Revolutionary war and paid for at the rate of $75.00 a yard was used to make most of my stock of spare quilts, also many rare bits of needle work, some of which are still in existence. These were valued for their associations and father was careful to see that not one of our keep-sakes was misplaced. My sheetings, pillow covers, towels and all other household linen were of pure bleached homespun linen and this was all packed in the great Walnut-wood sea chest that had been sent to me from Massachusetts.

Mrs. Welch and her little ones were also aided in the work of loading their goods. Mother, you see, was not able to do much of this work, besides the care of my little brother occupied her time and attention.

These floats were constructed of Indian canoes lashed together. The family and children were placed in the ship yawl, as some of the women were too nervous to attempt riding in the Indian canoes. There was no difficulty in securing the aid of Indian boatmen and on the third day, October 21, 1845, their journey was begun.

After a short day's journey they brought the boats ashore and established camp for the night. On the third day they reached the Cascades of the Columbia. Here all the goods had

to be unloaded and carried around. A camp was established and Indian carriers assisted in the work. They were paid wages but seemed to appreciate the food provided them and not one instance of dishonesty occurred. Father could speak enough of the jargon to make himself understood and they were careful and considerate helpers. Not one deserted the ranks.

After reaching the lower level of the river three ship yawls were found waiting which had been sent by Doctor McLaughlin from Vancouver to meet any emigrant that might reach that point and find himself in need of such conveyance.

My mother and Mrs. Welch and the children were compelled to walk the five miles or more around the portage. The Indian boatmen assisted the children in this long walk over the rugged ground and before nightfall they were safely around the Cascades.

When the goods and family were safely loaded in the yawls the descent of the lower river was begun and from there on the trip to Fort Vancouver was a delightful pleasure trip. From that point dear father and mother looked with anxious thought and fear toward the snowy summit of old Mount Hood, feeling that their children might even then be forever lost in that wild and dangerous region. Mother told me afterwards of her daily constant prayer for our safety and father always referred to those anxious days of separation with solemn and subdued tone of voice, in every note of which he betrayed his earnest feelings in behalf of our safety.

They camped on the sandy beach of the Columbia river at Vancouver for several days while father made a journey by canoe to Oregon City. While there he rented a good house about twelve miles down the river on the West side where the old foundry buildings are located, and to these the family removed and located permanently for the winter.

I did not see dear mother until the following spring. I have mentioned that father had come in the late fall to take charge of the stock. Mrs. Welch's sons were soon with their mother. Of the others who were associated with us in that perilous starving time I have no trace, except the Smith boys who became worthy settlers of Marion county, Oregon, but I often recall the words of Johnny Moore when he said, "I left my good mother and my home in old Ireland to seek adventures in the New World, and now we must perish on this snow covered mountain. Ah! Mr. Walden, we have wood and guns but not a man of us is able to so much as pull the trigger to start

a fire, and here we must all perish in the snow." But thanks to a merciful Providence the fire was kindled, our lives were preserved, and we were restored to our friends to begin life anew in this beautiful land of promise.

Of those who came across the plains with us I can get record of but three who are now living, my brother, Lemuel Lemmon, at Salem, Oregon; my sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Crocker Davis, of Hood River, Oregon, the widow of Charles C. Davis, an Indian War veteran who died many years since.

My four living chilrden are Nathan B., of Chester, Montana, who has seven sons and four grandchildren; John E., of Weston, Oregon, who has seven sons and one daughter; Martha J. Allen, of La Grande, Oregon, who has one son and one daughter; Mary A. Bassett, of Chester, Montana. My eldest son, Peter, Smith, died at Prescott, Washington, September, 1893, and his wife and family of six children reside at Milton, Oregon, where his eldest son, John, died soon after completing his course in pharmacy. My daughter, Mrs. Rhoda C. Moore, died at Drain, Oregon, June 4, 1898.

While there is no official roster in existence that I know of the following names and families come to my memory as being members of our party. Many of these people or their descendants are well known in the respective portions of the northwest territory throughout which they scattered. Of course there were many more in our train besides those mentioned here but no importance was attached at the time to preserving a record so memory is the only source I have of giving these names. Other things that occurred from day to day so completely occupied our waking moments that no thought was given to this portion of our trip.

Capt. David Carson.
Mr. L. English.
Kim Stewart.
John Stuart and family.
James Smith and family.
Simeon Smith.
Seth Smith.
Saul Smith.
Jennings Smth.
Stephen Statts and family.
J. M. Powel.
John Terwilager and family.
Mr. McTimmons and family
Mr. Peterson and family.
Anderson Cox and family.
Mr. Forest and family.
Mr. Frost and family.
Marion Hart.
Mrs. Welch and family.
John and family.
Mr. Meeker and family.
David Taylor.
William Hall and family.
Mr. Lloyd and family.

Joe Foss and family.
Charles Craft and family.
William Taylor and family.
Fred Taylor.
Marion Taylor.
Allen Minor.
Marion Poe.
Joshua Welch.
Perry Welch.
John Welch.
Bartlett Welch.
Sarah J. Walden.
Capt. Samuel Parker and family.
Capt. Lev. English and family.
William Whitlock and family.
Elizabeth Lemmon and family.
Benjamin Walden and family.
Mr. Davidson and family.
Mr. Phillips and family.
Mr. Bell and family.
Mr. Lewis and family.
Vantrilla Quinze.
Miles Lewis.
Ben Lewis.
Ruth Terwilager.
Philander Lemmon.
Lemuel Lemmon.
John Lemmon and family.
Jane Bourne Lemmon.

I have mentioned our surroundings during this winter of 1845 and 1846. As soon as Spring opened father and my husband went up the Willamette valley to the old Methodist Mission at Salem. They located donation claims on land near what is now Brooks Station, Marion county, Oregon. Here two of my sons were born—Peter Smith, February 24, 1847, and Nathan Bourne Stout Smith, September 10, 1849.

About this time we sold the improvements on our claim and moved to the Walde Hills, six miles east of Salem, where we located a donation claim and soon had a comfortable home. Mr. Walden taught several terms of school and the two elder children attended their first terms of school with their father as teacher, but a severe illness rendering him a permanent cripple came on and financial difficulties were to be encountered, yet we were reasonably prosperous and as the years went by we were ever blest with every needed comfort.

In the fall of 1848 father went to California with a few others who were allured there by the excitement that followed the discovery of gold. He wintered on the Sacramento river and the claim only yielded little more than expenses, but as the Spring rains came on a sudden rise and fall of the Sacramento river exposed a bar where the men of that camp picked up about two thousand dollars each in nugget gold. Some of the men decided to return home and on the third day another rise in the river covered the land where they had been working

so they started at once for home. Father brought the gold dust and nuggets safely home in a coffee pot and the weight was over nineteen hundred dollars.

In the Spring of 1850 we sold the improvements on our claim and moved to the Walde Hills where we relocated on a donation claim that was not a full sized government claim, but we liked the location much better and as my husband had put most all his work on father's land we had not as yet attempted to do much in the way of making our home. The new claim was alluvial and we soon had a beautiful home place. Mr. Walden taught several terms of school and the two older sons were started in their school life at this time. Salem was then a small trading post with but one store in the town and that owned by Mr. Prindle and Mr. Crump. The Mission school was conducted by Mr. Waller, Rev. Chapman, and one or two others whose names I do not recall, but that school continues as the Wllamette University of today.

By an accident Mr. Walden was rendered a permanent cripple and from that time on a severe and arduous lot befell us, but by perseverance the three little sons took up their father's work and we were blessed with sufficient for our needs.

In the year 1858 our oldest daughter, Lucy Elizabeth, died of Diphtheria, the first case of that dread disease I had ever seen.

In the year 1858 husband's father and mother Walden came to Oregon and bought a home near us. Their other son, Smith Walden and family came at the same time and settled a donation claim adjoining what is now Halsey, Linn county, Oregon.

In May, 1864, Father Walden passed away at our home in his 94th year. He was ill for only a short time and not seriously but for a few days, but we had them with us to give every possible attention.

Mother Walden made her home with us until her death in June, 1875.

My father died in June, 1870, and mother in February, 1875. Father and mother and father Walden are buried at MacCleary, Oregon.

In June, 1871, we rented our farm in the Walde Hills and following the advise of a council of physicians moved to Eastern Oregon for the benefit of Mr. Walden's health. Mother Walden came with us and was buried at Weston, Oregon. My two youngest children, Benjamin Franklin and Edmund Burke, were

also buried in this cemetery. The third daughter, Sarah Marie, was laid to rest in the Weston cemetery, September 11, 1884, and the father and husband of my youth rests with them. He passed from earth November 26, 1887.

Seven years later I was married to Dr. R. Cummins of Touchet, Washington, and on December 8, 1913, he passed from earth to the Great Beyond.

I am now nearing the end of my journey of life and as the evening shades appear I glance over my past life and, as the many vivid scenes are reproduced, a deep sense of thankfulness thrills my soul as I contemplate the many trials and sorrows that have encompassed my journey of life, yet there abides this one greatest of blessings and I have this one great source of thankfulness, that in every vicissitude one gracious presence has ever been present in every time of trial to guide, guard and protect my life so that I may truly say "Surely Goodness and Mercy have followed me all my days."

May my little book prove of some interest to you and give courage to those who falter when meeting the difficulties and arduous tasks of life.

SARAH J. CUMMINS

AN EARLY DAY LETTER.

This letter was two years on the road from Fairfield, Indiana, to Salem, Oregon, and was one among the first letters that ever came to Oregon by overland mail. It was carried part of the way by emigrants then it was given to Kit Carson, who carried it as United States mail to California and from there it was sent to Salem, Oregon, in care of parties who were returning from the mines.

Fairfield, Ind., Franklin County, March 1st, 1850.

Dear Children:—

"I received your letter dated April 27, 1848, and was very glad to hear from you, and that you are all well and liked the country, and thought it ahead of this country.

"I am well as usual and enjoy a reasonable degree of health, although I have ill turns, yet I have great reason to bless the Lord for great goodness and tender mercy and compassion toward me in sparing my life until the present time, and, above all, in giving me a comfortable hope beyond the grave, and O! that hope may be an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast.

"I hope these lines will find you enjoying a reasonable degree of health.

"You say you have not heard a word from us since you left Missouri. I wrote a letter and sent it by Mr. Salmon. Whether he took it along or not I cannot say. Also Patience and I wrote each one apiece and sent it by Mr. Samuel Miller. He, the said Miller, went no further than St. Joseph, Missouri. The rest of the company from Fairfield went on their journey to California. He, the said Miller, told me that he should take his family to Oregon and leave them, then go on himself. This is what he told me himself a few days before they started from Fairfield. Whether or not he sent the letter on by some of the rest of the company, I cannot tell.

"Mr. Samuel Miller, I understand, is working near St. Joseph at his trade of mill wright to raise funds to go on with his company in the Spring as he found he had not enough to go on with last Spring.

"Your brothers and sisters and families are all well at this time. Thomas Crocker has six little children, Joseph, Manford, Mary, Wesley, Martha and Lucy Jane. Patience has two, Hannah Elizabeth and Marion. Your brother Benjamin, has five children, Luther, Emily Jane, Hannah Eliza, Thomas Henry, and the baby boy whose name I do not know. Lucy Garver has two, Joh Wesley and Phoebe Binford. Benjamin and Lucy Garver live in Decatur near Clarksburg.

"Your uncle Peter and family are well. Your uncle Maharshal Bourne, died one year ago last September, and aunt Eliza sold her third to your cousin, Nathan Bourne, as Maharshal had left no heirs except his brothers and sisters, so they all shared alike in the property after the widow's share was taken out. You five children drew five hundred to each one of you. Now it can not be recovered or got, unless you send a power-of-attorney to some one here made out by a Justice of the Peace and signed by both of you, then the law requires that it be paid over to the one so empowered. You can write what you wish the collector to do with it and how to dispose of it, or shall it be sent to you.

"The other children are all doing well except Benjamin. By some means he does not get along very well although he has a fine, industrious, prudent wife. Elizabeth learned the milliners and mantumakers trade. She has worked at it considerable at times. I think it probable that she will be married between this and the next New Year if she and Stephen Price should live. He is a millwright by trade.

"David A., I expect, will go to the coach and carriage mak-

er's trade and trimming. If he should live until August 13, he will be 16 years old.

"Elizabeth was 21 on last February 25. Thomas, I think, is too much taken up with the world. There has been a great change in him since you were here. He came to have but little regard for the things that belong to his everlasting welfare. O! my heart aches for him. O! that he may turn and live.

"Benjamin, I hope and trust, has felt the plague of his sin. About two years ago he came to be steadfast in the faith. He keeps up family worship and is class leader in the Methodist church. His wife also belongs to the same church. Jacob and Lucy Garver both belong to the Presbyterian church.

"Oh, it is a great comfort to see my children walking in the path of holiness, for without holiness no man can see the Lord. I would not say that my comfort consists merely in any one belonging to a church but a manifestation of their faith by their works, for, as the body is dead without breath of life so is faith dead without works. They are inseparably connected.

"David and Patience are members of the church. David is too luke-warm and careless, I fear.

"Now a few words to the professed disciples of Christ who despond and tremble when he hears the Master calling him to go on to perfection may derive courage and support from looking at the promises of Christ and by looking to their author.

"Among the blessings promised you will find every thing which any man can need to assist him on arriving at perfection. There are promises of light and direction to find the path which leads to it, promises of assistance to walk in that path, promises of strength to resist and overcome all opposition, remedies to heal us when wounded, of cordials to invigorate us when faint, and of most glorious rewards to crown the end of our course.

"You will hear Jehovah Jirah saying, 'Fear not for I am with thee, be not dismayed for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee, yea I will help thee, yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness, though thou in thyself art but a worm thou shalt thresh the mountains and beat them small as the dust.'

"Look next at Him who gives these promises; it is one who is almighty and therefore can fulfill them. It is one who possesses all power in heaven and on earth, one in whom dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. With all this fullness, faith indissolubly unites us.

"Say then ye who despond and tremble, when you contemplate the almost immeasurable distance between your own moral character and that of Christ, what, except faith in these promises and in their author, is necessary to support, encourage and animate you in going on to perfection, if Christ enable you and make you members of His perfect band. If He causes this fullness to flow into your soul, then is it not evident that He can and will enable all who exercise faith in Him to imitate His example and finally to become perfect as He is perfect.

"This world is the place for labor and not for rest or enjoyment which may be found in serving God. We shall have time enough in the coming world for rest and converse with the saints and it may well reconcile us to separation here if we have hope to be with Him forever there.

"O, that it may be the happy case with us all, is the prayer of your father. I shall be 69 years old if I should live until the 19th day of September, 1850.

"Your brother, Elisha Lemmon, and one of his sons took dinner with us better than a year ago. Elisha was entirely blind but he was quite fleshy and seemed to enjoy real good health. His family were all well. Uncle John Burke and family were well the last I heard from them. Your friends are well as usual.

"You must write as often as you can and I will do the same. It will be but a short time that I shall be in this world.

"Oh, that we may all have grace to so live that we may be prepared to meet in another and better world where there is no more sorrow nor dying, is the prayer of your honored father.

"Remember me to your dear children. I think of you every day. BENJAMIN CROCKER."

DOCTOR WHITMAN—A TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY.

This man's name should be revered by all, yet many who view the monument raised to the honor of his name know little or nothing of his real merits.

He was by nature kind, generous, free hearted, and had the true philanthropic love for his fellow beings.

He was imbued with a deep religious piety that was impressed upon all who came in contact with him, and inspired in all a sincere zeal for justice and right which, combined with a noble patriotism, made the love of country next to the love of the Great Creator of the universe.

He braved the dangers of wild and hitherto unexplored re-

gions that his life work might better the conditions of humanity in those places and the Redeemer's name be revered throughout all the borders of his native land.

In personality he was rather undersized and in physique neat and trimly built, and would weigh about 150 pounds. He had keen dark eyes, dark brown hair and was thoroughly energetic and self reliant.

He was ever alert and of quick comprehension and when warned of the dangers that threatened the lives of himself and those with him he decided to depend entirely upon his skill in dealing with such surroundings so made no preparations for defense, although it is known that he had prepared to take Mrs. Whitman and the others of their household to a place of safety in a day or two.

From the time of his advent in the Oregon territory to the day of his dramatic death in the Whitman massacre, at the hands of the savages whom he had done so much to help, both religiously and in earthly ways, no man could rightly accuse him of a dishonorable deed or inspiration. I am one among the few who still survive those trying times and as I recall the greatness of his life work I feel like esteeming him as one of our nations heroes who is not dead but gone before.

SARAH J. CUMMINS